

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

BY RICHARD JACOBS,

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Published every Saturday, at Three Dollars per annum, invariably in advance. Any person who will procure us five subscribers, and forward the amount, (\$15,) shall be entitled to a sixth copy gratis. Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates, to wit: For every seven lines or less, first insertion, fifty cents; and for each subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents, payable in advance, or upon first insertion. Standing advertisements, every seven lines or less, will be inserted as follows: Three months \$3 00 Six months 5 00 One year 8 00 Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions, will be continued until ordered, and charged accordingly. Announcing candidates for office, five lines, payable invariably in advance. Letters on business with the office, to ensure attention, must be post paid or free. Money may be sent by mail at our risk, a receipt is first taken from the postmaster. Job Work must be paid for on delivery.

From the German of A Von Tromlitz, LOVE—HATRED—REVENGE.

A LEGEND OF

SAN DOMINGO DE LA CALZADA.

One morning I attended Donna Zoa, the fair daughter of the physician in whose house I was quartered, to the chapel of La Calzada. I knelt reverently by the side of my lovely companion, gazed in her dark dazzling eyes, and respectfully as I touched her full arm, and placed my hand solemnly on my sinful heart when the officiating priest elevated the venerable. But during this sacred ceremony my eyes sought Donna Zoa, and as I beheld her zealously beating her beautiful bosom with her small and delicate white hands, my imagination was rapidly flying into errant flights, when the ringing of a cock close behind me roused me from my delicious day dreams.

I looked around, and to my astonishment beheld a snow white chanticleer, a hen of similar feathers, confined in a cage that was suspended from the pillars of the gallery. The faithful bird, having now commenced singing in earnest, appeared to be wholly unable to cease sounding his shrill strain, and continued to prolong his lament with perpetual iteration.

In the name of all that's wonderful, dearest Senora," said I, when we returned home, and I found myself alone with the sweet little Donna, "how came yonder cock and his partner domiciliated within the walls of this consecrated chapel?"

"Why, dost thou not know that?" replied the pretty devotee, with a look and air of surprise, "though thou art already two days a resident of La Calzada, verily I do not, fair maiden," replied she, "and if the bird had not instinctively taken me for St. Peter"—for my name too was at the moment about to be pronounced, and deny the heavenly symbols pointed by the priest, for the lovely object that entranced my sight—the admonitory creature not crowded should very probably have departed from La Calzada without discovering this singular fact, and of course have remained ignorant of the reason for this preservation of fowls."

"Well then," lisped she, looking at the while, "if thou wilt be duly wakened, and not vex me with perpetual questions, as thou didst yesterday, I will relate the remarkable history of the feathered pair. But, prithee, be here stands an arm-chair."

I obeyed, and she began:— "Long, long time ago, a young man, Doming de la Villa Real, arrived in this city, on a pilgrimage to our Lady of Logroño. Here he fell sick, and they were compelled to suspend their journey. The mother and her mother were naturally distressed by this occurrence, and the chapel daily to implore the Virgin for the speedy restoration of the poor parent's health. There one day Donna Josepha, the daughter of a jeweller, saw Domingo as he was kneeling in earnest prayer; and while she beheld the handsome and pious stranger, her heart was deeply and mysteriously enamored of the youth. After day da ys she visited the holy place to see the beloved object for whom her heart languished; and daily was her love augmented. Nor did her fondly

and infatuation end here. Having made herself acquainted with the domestic concerns and situation of the family, she supplied the wants of the sick father, visited and nursed him, and did for him whatever the invalid's condition seemed to require. Domingo regarded her as an angel of light, and when he waited on her to thank her, in his own and his parent's behalf, for her manifold kindnesses and attention, he expressed his gratitude with such animated eloquence, flowing from an ingenuous and sensitive heart, that the silly maiden, constrained by her fervent language and glowing eulogistic phrases into a declaration of love. Unable to restrain herself longer or suppress her feelings, she yielded to the sway of her passion, and avowed the uncontrollable affection for him which was raging in her bosom with consuming ardor. But what was her astonishment when Domingo coldly, and with an earnest solemn voice, told her that his heart and attachments were dedicated exclusively to our Lady Mother, and dead to every feeling of earthly love. "That she—"

"Oh, the fool!" exclaimed I, transferring myself from the chair to the sofa on which Zor sat, and winding my arm around her slender waist—"the fool! how could his heart be cold and insensible to the glowing love of an angel woman—a heavenly creature! Had this occurred with us—and Josepha, lovely Senora, could not have been half as fair as thou—the Virgin and all the saints in the calendar had been instantly banished from my heart to make room for thee!"

Zoa moved gently from me, yet without altogether severing the personal contact: "Heretic!" cried she, with a severe voice,—"wouldst thou forget the holy Virgin, and desert a heavenly for an earthly love? But," proceeded she, recovering herself, and resuming the narrative tone, "interrupt me no more, if thou wouldst have me finish my story."

"When Domingo had said to her all that his pure heart suggested on the occasion; when he had depicted to her heaven and hell, purgatory and paradise, he took leave, hurried to the chapel and prayer, not for his sick father, but for the infatuated and erring Donna Josepha—beseeching the Virgin Mother to free her heart from sinful passion and fill it with chaste and virtuous aspirations."

"Days elapsed, and Josepha saw him only at chapel. The frowning countenance of the Madonna on the altar-piece could not purify her desires, nor death her affections from the pious young man. The flame of her passion, constantly fed in secret, steadily increased, and when ultimately the suffering father became convalescent, and Domingo fled once more to repeat his thanks for the many favors she had conferred, her feelings again broke forth in an avowal of continued and unutterable affection. Domingo repeated his former declaration, and admonished her to control her perverse inclinations. But, unable to suppress or check the tempest of her passion, she threw herself on his bosom, and declared that, separated from him, she could not enjoy happiness in this world."

"Domingo continued firm and unmoved. Replacing her in her chair, he compared her to Potaphar's wife and himself to Joseph; denounced the vengeance of heaven against her if she persisted in the indulgence of her unholy desires, and then left her with scorn. But where is the female love that could endure contempt without being converted into hate? Domingo's reproaches and taunts banished affection from the bosom of Donna Josepha; and—ah! Satan is very busy with the souls of poor mortals, when he finds them straying in sinful paths—she secretly slipped a valuable gold chain into the youth's pocket, as he departed."

"Placidly conscious of his pure love to God and the Virgin, and rejoicing in the restoration of his father's health, Domingo, attended by his parents, had resumed his journey to Logroño, when the officers of justice overtook, seized and searched him. The gold chain was found in his possession, and he was, consequently, carried back to the corregidor of La Calzada and arraigned for the theft. All his asseverations of innocence availed him naught. The chain found on his person was conclusive evidence of his guilt. He was convicted of the crime, condemned, and executed. Josepha—the cruel, revengeful

Josepha—saw him led to the gallows, and exultingly beheld him die!"

"Oh! can woman be so hard-hearted and unfeeling? Can she complacently murder what she fondly loved?" exclaimed I, and, probably to revenge my sex's wrongs, I pressed Zoa closer to my heart and imprinted a burning kiss on her lips."

"Senor!" cried she, pettishly, and sprung up from the sofa. But immediately bursting into a loud laugh, she resumed her seat, saying—"Though you, Senor, I am more than sufficiently assured, will never be condemned to the gallows for insensibility to lady-love or cruelty to a female heart. But keep thyself still and remain quiet, or I shall never get through with the legend."

I complied, and she proceeded:—"The distressed and heart-broken parents of Domingo departed again, after his execution, and journeyed to Logroño; where they performed their vows to the Virgin, and assured of their son's innocence, prayed for the repose of his soul."

"They then started to return to their distant home. But influenced by love for their lost child, they resolved to visit once more his mortal remains, which yet conformably to his sentence, swung aloft in the air, and object of awful admonition to sinful men, and of enticing allurements to hungry ravens. They approached and knelt beneath the gallows, and while their fervent prayers ascended to heaven, they heard, a voice from above saying—"I, your son Domingo, am not dead! I live protected and preserved by the power of the Holy Mother! Go to the corregidor; tell him to remove me from this ignominious exposure, and bid him suspend the wicked and abandoned Donna Josepha here in my stead! Have ye no faith? Obey my words, my beloved but incredulous parents!"

"The mother looked up trembling with terror; but her son hung there stark and stiff as a corpse. No sign of life or animation could be perceived. Yet, trusting to the voice from above, the parents went to the corregidor, whom they found seated at the dinner table with his boon companions, preparing to enjoy the savory dishes that were smoking before them."

"Worshipful sir," said the mother to the testy officer, "I would respectfully request you to cause my unjustly executed son, my dear Domingo, to be taken down from the gallows, that his innocence may be made manifest and proclaimed to the world; for by the goodness and power of the Holy Virgin he yet liveth. And I would farther desire you to cause the wicked and revengeful Donna Josepa to be hung up in his stead. Thus am I commanded to say by a voice from above."

"Old Hecate!" exclaimed the corregidor, in a towering passion, "dost thou dare to disturb me at my dinner, and venture in this presence to impeach the justice of my judgment? Begon instantly, or I will order you to be hung also, to keep your rogue of a son company!" "But the old lady approached him with a confident look and firm step. "Sir," said she, "when heaven commands, it is your duty to be silent and obey! I repeat it, my son is alive!"

"He alive!" cried the corregidor, with a smile of derision,—"yea, woman, he is as certainly alive as are those roasted fowls in yonder dish; and I shall believe it when they revive, and return to their former haunts, and eat, and flutter, and crow!"

"And behold!"—here Donna Zoa devotedly crossed herself, moving timidly closer to my side—"out of the massive silver salver that stood on the middle of the table, rose a snow white cock majestically, strode with measured pace, like a grandee of our stately kingdom, towards the corregidor, stopped directly before him, clapped his powerful wings thrice, and crowed shrill and clear, as though his throat had never been severed by the slaughtering knife of the cook's assistant. His mate, white as himself in her new spring plumage, following him with shy demeanor, advanced to his side and chuckled! Confounded and convinced by this unexpected miracle, the corregidor instantly commanded that Domingo should be taken down from the gallows and the false and wicked Donna Josepha be hung in his stead."

"The handsome and holy youth, now fully restored to life, was quickly conducted before his unjust judge, and absolved from all imputation of crime. Josepha, despairing and conscious of her guilt, confessed her sin; though she still

continued too haughty and hardened to ask forgiveness from Domingo. She was led forth to execution, her bosom swelling with rage and hate and disappointed malice. Amid hearty and universal exertion of the gathered crowd was she hung on the gallows where the pious Domingo had unjustly suffered."

"The collected multitude then besought the holy youth to remain among them and be their exemplar of a virtuous life. According to their wishes, he fixed his abode here. He died at a good old age, and as many other miracles have distinguished his earthly career, and authenticated the holiness of his life and conversation, he was canonized after death, and this blessed city was named after him San Domingo de la Calzada."

"And the cock and the hen?" said I. "Verily, the memory of the handsome youth had nearly driven them from my mind," replied Zoa. "The cock and his feathered mate, as evidence of the miracle were confined in a golden cage, and deposited within the consecrated walls of our chapel. Their posterity have been preserved pure, with Castilian scrupulousness, even unto this day. Those which thou sawest, are their present family representatives. When either of them dies, general mourning for the loss fills the dwelling of La Calzada, and others of their race are selected to supply the vacancy."

"Moreover, the example and the history of the holy Domingo," continued Zoa, "have so powerfully influenced the pious inhabitants of this city, that, since his day, love has been wholly banished from the hearts of our maidens."

"San Domingo has henceforth lost his power! I break the unholy spell which has hitherto enthralled your hearts!" exclaimed I, as I looked Zoa in my embrace, and the liquid glances of her deep dark eye told me plainly that the gentle, kind-hearted, and lovely girl would speedily have forgotten San Domingo and his legend, in listening to a tender tale—if her father had not just then unexpectedly entered the chamber, and prevented her passing her vows to a stranger."

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES.

We think it high time that Cousin Sally Dilliard, Captain Rice and Mose were again brought to the memory of public; they deserve to be "kept before the people" every few years. Especially will they keep our friends in a good humor with themselves for at least a week after the reading:

SCENE—A Court of Justice in North Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis rises, and thus addressed the Court: "May it please your Worships, and you gentlemen of the Jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked and malicious an assault—a more wilful violent, dangerous battery, and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Capt. Rice's, in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed—one said that he heard the noise and did not see the fight—another that he seen the row but didn't know who struck first—and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the skirmage."

Lawyer Chops—I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn."

So forward comes the witness, a fat, chuffy, old man, a "leettle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops.—Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's and as a good deal of time has been already wasted in circumlocution, and at the same time be as explicit as possible.

Harris.—"Adzactly,"—giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat—"Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately, but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he moun't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go—"

Chops.—In the name of common sense, Harris what do you mean by this rigmarole?

Witness.—Capt. Rice, he gin a treat and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard—"

Chops.—Stop, sir, if you please; we dont want to hear any thing about your cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's."

Witness.—Well, I will sir if you will let me.

Chops.—Well, sir, go on.

Witness.—Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go—"

Chops.—There it is again; witness, please do stop.

Witness.—Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops.—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know any thing about the matter before the Court.

Witness.—To be sure I do.

Chops.—Well, you go on and tell it, and nothing else.

Witness.—Well, Capt. Rice gin a treat—"

Chops.—This is intolerable. May it please the Court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to be trifling with this Court."

Court.—Witness, you are now before a Court of Justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail, an begin and tell what you know about the fight at Capt. Rice's."

Witness (alarmed).—Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard—"

Chops.—I hope the witness may be ordered into custody."

Court (after deliberating).—Mr. Attorney, the Court is of the opinion that we may save time by telling the witness to go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point."

Witness.—Yes, gentlemen; well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard, then axed me if Mose he moun't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard as how Mose, he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass, but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife and cousin Sally Dilliard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dilliard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log, but my wife like a darned fool, hoisted her coats and waded through. And that's all I know about the fight."

Good.—A distinguished belle of this city came into—ball room, with a sighing lover at each arm. Several gentlemen were standing in the passage, when one remarked, "Here comes the Great Western." "Yes," said she, "with two flats in tow!"—Curtiss thinks feathers tell about that time.—*Cin. Satirist.*

Capt. Levy, U. S. N.—The Senate, on Thursday in executive session, confirmed the nomination of Capt. Levy, thus reversing the decision of the court martial, by which he was deprived of his rank. This act of justice, to a meritorious officer, will be approved by the country."